

Jam and Mud the Two Ideal Playthings for a Baby: Pictures.

The Daily Mirror

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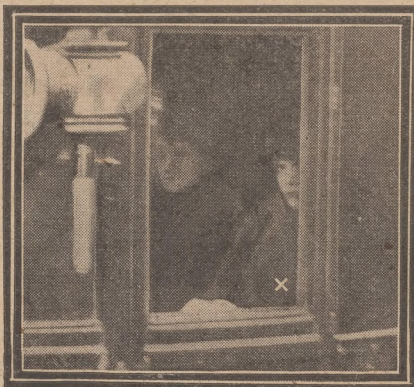
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1914

One Halfpenny.

WAS LORD WEARDALE WHIPPED IN MISTAKE FOR MR. ASQUITH ?



Mr. Asquith.



The accused (x) off to Holloway Prison.



A recent portrait of Lord Weardale.



Lord Weardale.



Lady Weardale, who was with her husband.



The suffragette entering a four-wheeled cab on leaving Clerkenwell Police Court.

Lord Weardale was knocked down and struck with a dog whip by a suffragette yesterday morning. He was with his wife at the time, and was catching a train at Euston Station when an unknown woman attacked him from behind with a whip. It is said the woman explained to the police that she mistook Lord Weardale for Mr.

Asquith. He is certainly very like the Premier, but even more like Sir Herbert Tree. Any way, Lord Weardale is a president of the Anti-Suffragist Society, so the suffragette in all probability does not regret her act. Most men will feel thankful just now that they do not resemble Cabinet Ministers.



Velma

is all chocolate,
true chocolate, as
true as it is fine,
as fine as it is
true, the greatest
achievement in
chocolate yet.

In the red packet
with the gold corner

SUCHARD Sole Maker



Milka

is the Queen of
Milk chocolates;
note its delicious
creaminess, mark
the full chocolate
flavour, then its
exquisite taste and
velvety smoothness.

In the mauve packet
with the gold corner

SUCHARD Sole Maker

See the gold corner on the
chocolate packet you buy.
It is there to guard you
against substitution.



90 February Prizes for users of Nubolic

(The 'Sweetness and Health' Soap)

'Still another tempting opportunity to try this splendid home-purifier and work-saver,' says Mrs. Cheerisoul, '—and to win a most acceptable cash prize into the bargain.'

Use 'Nubolic,' and your bedrooms, bath-rooms, sculleries, lavatories, living rooms will be as fresh and sweet as if a country breeze were wafting through them all day long.

For Boys

UNDER 17 YEARS

Prizes for the longest lists of names and addresses of different people whom you have told about 'Nubolic' Soap and the 'Nubolic' monthly competitions. The people themselves must write their names, and their full addresses must be given.

Closes Feb. 28

FIRST PRIZE £5
2nd Prize £2 10/-; 3rd Prize
£1 10/-; 4th Prize £1; 5th Prize
10/- 25 Prizes of 5/-

For Girls

UNDER 17 YEARS

Prizes this month for the Best Drawings in pen and ink, or lead pencil, of the picture at the top of this advertisement. Draw the picture a little larger than printed above. (Age will be taken into account.)

Closes Feb. 28

FIRST PRIZE £5
2nd Prize £2 10/-; 3rd Prize
£1 10/-; 4th Prize £1; 5th Prize
10/- 25 Prizes of 5/-

Open to All

Prizes for the best five-word sentences relating to 'Nubolic,' each word to contain one of the five vowels (a, e, i, o, u), in the order named. Example: Safeguards health, ensuring home purity. (Underline the five vowels in red ink.)

Closes Feb. 28

FIRST PRIZE £10
2nd Prize £5; 3rd Prize £3;
4th Prize £2; 5th Prize £1;
25 Prizes of 10/-

List of Winners will be published in 'The Daily Mirror,' Saturday, March 21st, 1914.

The last of these Monthly Competitions will appear in March, then will come the Grand Final Competitions for a £500 House and £100 Cash (Open to All), and £300 in Scholarships (for Boys and Girls). All who enter for any of the Monthly Competitions may compete for the Grand Final Prizes.

FOLLOW THESE RULES:

All efforts for the above Competitions to be posted not later than February 28, postage prepaid. If more than one effort, send wrappers with each and put all together. Address envelope as below. Send 'Nubolic' wrappers (any size) with each effort as follows:—Boys, ONE; Girls, ONE; Open to All, THREE. You may win a prize every month; you may also win one of the Grand Final Prizes.

Write full name and address on back of each effort. Boys and Girls must state age next birthday, and school. If left school, also state date of leaving.

The decision of Joseph Watson & Sons, Ltd., to be final. No employee of the Company may compete. If in doubt on any point, send postcard, addressed as below.

Nubolic Disinfectant Soap is sold in three sizes: 4d.; 3d.; 2d. Wrappers from any size accepted.

'NUBOLIC' DEPT., JOSEPH WATSON & SONS, LTD., WHITEHALL SOAP WORKS, LEEDS.



Just a
little

MENTHOLATUM

On my lips — Chaps gone

Invaluable for chapped lips, chilblains,
sore throat and any inflammation. Free
sample on request, 1/1½ and 2/3 a jar.

THE MENTHOLATUM CO. R. DARNEY & CO., AGTS.
Dept. K—56 Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.



What a Treat

after the two-step is over—
to pop a Clarnico Lily
Caramel in your mouth.
Delicious cream, sugar and
almonds, with a coating of
lovely chocolate. Get a ¼ lb.
at once—they're scrumptious.
Ask for

**CLARNICO
Lily Caramels**

The New Chocolate Ones.

See the name "Clarnico" on the bottom of
each Caramel.

Made by Clarke, Nickolls & Coombs, Ltd., London.



DOG WHIP ASSAULT ON PEER.

Suffragette Mistakes Lord Weardale for Mr. Asquith.

FELLED BY BLOW.

Scene at Euston Before Departure of Wedding Special.

A suffragette, armed with a dog whip, made a sensational attack yesterday on Lord Weardale, having mistaken him for Mr. Asquith.

The assault took place at Euston Station. Lord Weardale was to have attended the wedding of Lady Adelaide Spencer at Althorp Park, and had just arrived on the platform to join a special train when a suffragette, young and pretty, rushed forward and struck him with a dog whip.

When arrested she refused to give her name or any account of herself, and at Clerkenwell, where she was afterwards charged and remanded, she still remained silent.

The name of the silent suffragette was later stated by Mrs. Dacre Fox, of the Women's Social and Political Union, to be "Miss Mary Lindsay, of London, aged twenty-four."

Lord Weardale, who, as the Hon. Philip Stanhope, was a well-known Liberal M.P., is a cousin of Lord Rosebery, and is sixty-seven years old. (Photographs on page 1.)

SILENT WOMAN IN BLACK.

Dramatic in the extreme was the scene at Euston, which occurred while a crowd was watching the arrival of some 200 guests for the wedding at Althorp Park.

As Lord and Lady Weardale were walking towards the departure platform a young woman in black rushed from the crowd and pulled from underneath her coat a dog whip and struck at Lord Weardale fiercely.

So unexpected was the attack, and so energetic was his assailant's rush, that Lord Weardale fell headlong to the platform.

The young woman was immediately arrested by the station police, and Lord Weardale was assisted to his feet.

Lord Weardale abandoned his intention of attending the wedding, and with the police officers and the suffragette walked to Albany-street Police Station.

"The arrested girl is very pretty, indeed," said a station official. "She had a very determined manner, and did not say anything when arrested; she just sat down and looked straight in front of her."

Another account of the assault was given by Inspector Brook, of the London and North-Western police, who said: "When the woman first struck Lord Weardale she knocked his hat off, and the force of the impact of her rush knocked him right over as he stooped to pick up his hat."

"Lady Weardale was quite near and she got part of the blow, too, the lash of the whip catching her on the ear."

"As Lord Weardale fell, the woman struck him again two or three times, but had not time to do much damage. She was very quiet and self-possessed, and the only thing she said was, 'Oh, arrest me, then,' when told she would be charged."

"MEANT TO THRASH HIM."

Later in the day the woman was charged at Clerkenwell Police Court. She was described as—"A woman, name, address and occupation not given, but age about twenty-four, height 5ft. 6in., complexion dark, hair dark, eyes grey."

Lord Weardale, in giving evidence, said that he was struck on the top of the head very violently. He was protected by his hat, but the blow caused him to stumble forward. He heard nothing and did not see who was striking him, as he was assaulted from behind.

Lord Weardale said the woman was a stranger to him. The whip—a perfectly new one—was handed to him by the officer.

"I might add," Lord Weardale concluded, "that I, with Lord Curzon, am a joint president of the Anti-Suffragist Society."

The Magistrate (to the accused): Would you like to ask the witness any question?

The curt reply was, "I don't wish to speak."

Detective Johnson, of the railway police, said he saw his lordship alight from a motor-car and walk towards the train. The accused slashed at him with the whip. (Here the young woman laughed softly.)

The witness, after assisting Lord Weardale, then arrested the defendant. She said, "I meant to give him a good thrashing; you don't know what he has done for us."

"HER FIRST ACT."

"A magnificent protest!"

Mrs. Dacre Fox, a prominent member of the Women's Social and Political Union, gave this opinion of the attack to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday and stated that the arrested woman's name was "Mary Lindsay, of London."

"It is unfortunate that Miss Lindsay should have mistaken Lord Weardale for Mr. Asquith," said Mrs. Fox. "This is her first act of militancy, but everybody who has the misfortune to resemble Cabinet Ministers must take their chance of being assaulted."

"It is Lord Weardale's misfortune to resemble the Prime Minister, and I respectfully suggest that his lordship might advantageously change his appearance."

NAVAL OFFICER IN DIVORCE COURT.



Mrs. Muller. The picture was taken as she was leaving the Courts.



Lieutenant Muller, wearing uniform and in mufti yesterday.

Lieutenant A. G. Muller, R.N., and Mrs. Emmeline Muller, the principals in a remarkable divorce suit reported on this page. Mrs. Muller seeks a dissolution of her marriage, while the husband is cross-petitioning.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

HUSBAND'S CRY FROM THE HEART.

Remarkable Letters in Divorce Suit Against Naval Officer.

"LOVE ALONE FIRES ME."

Anguished letters, written by a husband, were read in the Divorce Court yesterday, when the hearing was begun of the petition for divorce of Mrs. Emmeline Muller.

She alleged cruelty and misconduct on the part of her husband, Mr. Arthur G. Muller, a Lieutenant in the Navy. He denied the charges, and cross-petitioned for a dissolution of his marriage on the alleged ground of his wife's misconduct with Mr. Douglas H. Wilson, also an officer in the Navy.

WIFE'S ACCUSATIONS.

When the parties were married at Torquay, said Mr. Barnard, K.C., for the wife, the latter was twenty-four and the husband twenty-eight. They used to live at the various ports where the husband's ships were stationed.

The marriage did not appear to have been a happy one. Mrs. Muller had to complain of her husband's unkindness and cruelty. He had, she said, once threatened to commit suicide in her presence. There were other serious allegations.

In one letter Mrs. Muller wrote:—

"I have had news from Dr. Walker, which has upset me very dreadfully."

"You had all my love when I married you, but your conduct and strange character, which I utterly failed to understand, killed my love. . . . You seem quite unable to control your temper and behaved really very unkindly to me. . . . I have always done all in my power to make our life together a success. . . . and in return you have treated me with the most refined cruelty. . . . I absolutely forgive you for all you have done to me in the past, but I feel I can forgive no more.—Your Once Devoted Wife."

On September 8, 1912, Lieutenant Muller wrote as follows:—

"My Own Sweetest Darling Eric.—Your letter of the 6th reached me this morning and I cannot tell you how absolutely dumfounded I am. My darling girl, what has transpired to make you take this terrible step. I cannot really believe you mean it. I am determined not to give up without a fight and I am prepared to take every possible means to prevent this rupture. . . . It is my duty to guard you against your own faults—your honour is my honour."

"It is my duty firstly to prevent you making a hopeless wreck of your life, and secondly to forget the laws of the Almighty, which you recognised when you married me, in so far as you look me for better or for worse, for richer or poorer, so long as we both should live. Therefore I take this solemn oath that it is incumbent on me to prevent you transgressing the marriage service."

"It is love, and love alone, which fires me with the hope that I shall win."

"DEAR MR. RAT."

Mrs. Muller gave evidence supporting her counsel's statements. The first incident she complained of was finding her husband one night in bed with a razor in his hand.

In 1911, at her parents' house, he suddenly seized her by the throat and said, "I will strangle you."

At Felixstowe her husband terrified her by carrying about with him a paper containing poison and saying he would finish her off.

In cross-examination by Mr. Tobin, K.C., Mrs. Muller said that at Portsmouth her husband had been in a bad temper for a week.

It was true she wrote affectionate letters, she added, calling him her own "Dear Mr. Rat" and signing herself "Snits," but that was because she had promised to forgive him.

Mr. Tobin, for the husband, said his client accused his wife of misconduct with a brother officer, Lieutenant Wilson, who was on the Ariadne.

Mrs. Muller used to go on board the Ariadne and have lunch with Mr. Wilson. After lunching with him on October 29, 1911, she returned home and told her husband he had been rude to her guest, who had seen her home.

Finally, said counsel, she informed her husband that he had killed her love, and that she was now in love with Mr. Wilson and had been for a long time.

The next morning the husband received an anonymous letter, which was clearly written by several persons, because each syllable was written by a different person.

A watch was kept on the couple, and evidence would be given to show when on the Ariadne Mrs. Muller was seen with Lieutenant Wilson in the captain's spare cabin. A sentry would say that he heard sounds of kissing in the cabin.

The hearing was adjourned.

CROWDS FLOCK TO DRESS DISPLAYS.

London's greatest attractions this week have been *The Daily Mirror* dress demonstrations. No entertainments, no meetings of any description can draw such huge audiences.

Between 8,000 and 10,000 women flocked to Whiteley's yesterday afternoon to see "How to Choose a Fashion," the third of the series of displays arranged in connection with *The Daily Mirror* Academy of Shopping.

So many thousands crowded into Selfridge's on Monday afternoon to learn about "Hairdressing in Relation to the New Spring Hats," that it was arranged to repeat the lecture and show next Wednesday, at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.

At each lecture-demonstration experts in their own departments describe the fashion changes of the spring season from beginning, and their points are illustrated by living models, clad in the newest styles and materials. (Photograph on page 16.)

AUSTRALIAN GREYHOUND DEFEATED.



Once Australia, which beat Silviana Again in the first round.



The Duke of Leeds.

Mr. Oscar Asche.

Once Australia, one of the two crack greyhounds which Mr. Oscar Asche brought with him from Australia, won its first tie in the Waterloo Cup tournament yesterday, but was beaten in the second by Tide Time, a favourite.

Sea passages will continue rather rough.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

"Pernicious."

Sir Alfred Turner.

I hear that Major-General Sir Alfred Turner is returning to an early love, the Channel Tunnel, and is going to give an illustrated lecture on the subject next week. Sir Alfred has always been an advocate of the tunnel scheme, though he abandoned it for many years because, as he told in his autobiography, of a conversation he once had with King Edward on the subject.

King Edward said he had always looked upon Sir Alfred as a man of very good sense, and could not conceive how he had been one of the promoters of the tunnel scheme, which he termed "a most pernicious scheme," adding: "We have been made an island, so let us remain."

Mr. Gill.

There is no more popular man at the Bar than Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., who is prosecuting in the Robinson perjury case just now. Yet he is a relentless opponent in serious cases. In private life Mr. Gill is known as "Charley." He is an inveterate playgoer, and loves "first nights." As a barrister he is one of the few men at the Bar who have made a great name without any natural gift of eloquence.

Not Afraid of Sir Charles.

He hesitates in his speech, but has had the wisdom to make a virtue out of this defect. It makes him seem so deliberate and so scrupulous as to detail. He first made his name through a memorable appearance against Lord Russell of Killowen, who was then Sir Charles Russell. It was a habit with Sir Charles to pretend to go to sleep when the counsel engaged against him was talking. It had a wonderful effect on juries until young Mr. Gill said one day in open court when Sir Charles had just closed his eyes: "Don't do that, Sir Charles. It impresses nobody."



Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C.

A Story of an "Omnibus Hog."

I sat behind an "omnibus hog" on a motor-omnibus in the Strand yesterday. There was only one vacant seat on top, and over that he sprawled, gazing at the street beneath, while a quiet old gentleman waited patiently for him to move up.

"Will you excuse me, sir?" asked the old gentleman at last.

The "omnibus hog" never looked up, but mechanically held out his ticket, evidently thinking an inspector was asking for it.

The patient passenger took it, examined it, and returned it, remarking quietly, "And the other one, sir?"

"What'd ye mean?" mumbled the "omnibus hog" rudely.

"Your ticket for the other seat," smiled the old gentleman politely.

The hog granted ungraciously and moved.

The King and Rugby.

King George has been criticising the international Rugby game between England and Ireland at Twickenham. He likes the Rugby game to be open, he says, and we all agree. His Majesty should see the Northern Union game, which is the most open and exciting of all. What a great scene there would be if Lord Derby would take King George to see the final of the Northern Union Cup.

The Man with the Bag.

Many congratulations upon his promotion to the Treasury Bench were showered upon Mr. Charles Roberts at Westminster yesterday. His appointment as Under-Secretary for India is no surprise, for he had long been marked out for promotion. Mr. Roberts is a singularly gifted politician, and one of the tallest men at Westminster. Because he is never seen in the precincts of the House without a leather case, he has become known as "the man with the bag."

The Fan of the Period.

My Paris gossip writes that some new fashions are showing in a shop a few doors from the Place de l'Opera made of black osprey feathers mounted on a framework of clear yellow tortoiseshell and finished with a tassel of black jet beads. The feathers are very straight, being about four fingers long in the centre and gradually getting smaller towards the sides. Each feather is mounted on a thick black quill feather-cut off at the centre to give the osprey the necessary stiffness. The effect is pretty and—expensive.

The Green Hair Mania.

The green hair craze is spreading to an alarming extent. In the last act of "Broadway Jones" at the Prince of Wales's now nearly all the ladies appear with green hair. Meanwhile Mrs. George Keppel's green-haired dinner-party was a great success. The Hon. Mrs. Bigham, like Miss Shirley Kellogg, is pinning her faith to blue hair.

Please Guess.

We were discussing Babu English at lunch yesterday, and an American friend said that the Japanese could mangle the language as well as anybody. He vowed that a Japanese officer on board the battleship Idzuma, who fell in love with a California girl, wrote her: "Honored Miss: I find I cannot express the bosom of my chest. Please guess it for me." She is still guessing, he says.

Valentine Collectors.

A well-known dealer in prints told me yesterday that there are now many collectors of old valentines, and even those of twenty years ago are being sought after. Most decorative they were, too, in proper frames, and in the boudoirs of "period" houses there is no more charming form of wall-decoration.

Ownerless Money.

Mr. Russell Nash, of the Civil Service Musical Instrument Association, writes to me that nobody has yet seriously laid claim to a substantial sum of money accompanying an order his firm recently received from a customer who omitted to send either name or address.

"Is it," he asks, "conscience money, or romantic generosity?"

Mr. Nash, by the way, writes on notepaper stamped with this notice: "Owing to the unsatisfactory and unreliable service, our telephone has been discontinued."

All-English.

An all-English singer is something of a rarity in these days. Miss Lena Kent, a contralto, who makes her debut at the Savoy Hotel this afternoon, proudly claims this distinction. She is English born and trained by English professors, and great things are expected of her and her wonderful voice, which is claimed to have an unusually wide range. Miss Kent is only twenty-two years old.



Miss Lena Kent, a charming English-trained contralto, who makes her debut this afternoon.

The Marriage Muddle.

The matrimonial affairs of Miss Marie Lloyd are really most extraordinary. Until yesterday the public had been under the impression that she was already married to Mr. Bernard Dillon. Yesterday we learnt that she was—only going to be married. As regards the "first marriage" story, there has been one person in England who has declined to give it credence since the report first came out. This is Mrs. Dick Burge, who is Marie's intimate friend, and the only person who has received long letters about the affair.

Mr. A. M. Webster at Cambridge.

Mr. A. M. Webster has written the following letter to *The Daily Mirror*:—"It occurs to me that some misapprehension may arise in the minds of the public on account of some pictures which appeared in *The Daily Mirror* on Tuesday."

"As hon. secretary of the Amateur Field Events Association, I have from time to time visited the grounds of various clubs and societies to advise on the best methods to be used in field events."

Training Methods Not American.

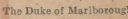
"On Friday last I visited Cambridge for the purpose of delivering a lecture at Perse School, and while there took the opportunity of seeing the C.U.A.C. field events men in training, and offering a few words of advice on the methods set forth in my book, 'Olympic Field Events.' The methods I advocate are not American, but are modelled on scientific American principles. I have not been 'engaged' to coach the C.U.A.C."

The Daily Mirror is glad to correct any wrong impressions its pictures may have created.

Duke and Chancellor.

The presence of the Duke of Marlborough in the Peers' Gallery during the Chancellor's speech in the Commons on the land question seems to have escaped the notice of the Fourth Estate. Yet, leaning eagerly forward, his chin pressed against the rail, he was probably the most interested listener in the House. The Duke has pronounced views of his own on the land problem, and this was recently shown when, a short time ago, he began to put Blenheim Park under the plough.

The Duke of Marlborough.



The Kipling of Old.

It was good to read Mr. Kipling's speech yesterday. It took us back to the atmosphere of ten years ago, when it was considered a crime to be patriotic or to love manliness. In these days the high priest of preciseness, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, wrote an essay telling us all what he thought of Mr. Kipling and his school. "No, I shan't tell the public what I think of Mr. Le Gallienne," said Kipling once.

Petrol Before Literature.

I made a pilgrimage to Rottingdean some years ago to try to get Kipling to talk for my own private edification. I was, at least, a fervent disciple. I found him on his hands and knees at the side of a dusty road gazing almost with ferocity into the interior of his first motor-car. There seemed to be something extremely wrong. With the temerity of fanaticism I broached the object of my visit. Kipling looked at me as though he could not have heard aright; then, with an explosive gesture, dismissing all literature as having rather less than the value of a pinch of salt, he said: "If you can tell me what's the matter with this wretched motor-car, you're welcome; if not, go away."

Not a Fashion Plate.

I never saw a man look so miserable at high social functions as Mr. Kipling does, except, perhaps, Mr. Thomas Hardy. On the Fourth of June last year he was at Eton, the guest of the headmaster, with a number of other notabilities. Dressed in a rather shabby blue suit, Mr. Kipling patiently wrote his autobiography for a crowd of fashionably-dressed women who buzzed and twittered with adulation. When he left he gave a deep sigh. He put on a pipe at the railway station and looked happy again.

Profit Preferred.

A new acquaintance was congratulating Mr. Israel Zangwill upon his play, "The Melting Pot," at the Queen's Theatre the other night.

"Mr. Zangwill, your play makes one believe you are a prophet," he said enthusiastically.

"But that wouldn't appeal to managers unless you spell it with an 'F,'" smiled the author in reply. THE RAMBLER.



Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

KEEPING SPORT PURE.

Judge Denounces Football Gambling in Sentencing Man Who Offered Bribe.

Your offence must be regarded as one of the most serious character. Unfortunately there are only too many examples of the mischievous and harmful effects of this miserable system of gambling in sport and things of that kind in which many people indulge.

This spoke the Judge at Stafford Assizes yesterday in passing sentence of five months' imprisonment in the second division on Pascoe Bioletti, described as an actor, who pleaded guilty to having corruptly offered a money bribe to Jesse Pennington, agent of the West Bromwich Union Football Club.

Counsel for the prosecution said that in offering Pennington £55 to secure that West Bromwich did not beat Everton or that the match was a draw, prisoner tried to bribe the whole team.

Counsel said the prosecution was instituted by the Football Association, which did its best to purify the ranks of the players. The association had to contend with a very great evil, indeed, which had arisen within recent times, sport and football being exploited to a tremendous extent by small and more or less unprincipled bookmakers, who laid most extraordinary odds against persons guessing the correct results of matches.

FIRST PLACE FOR M.P.

In the ballot for private members' motions yesterday Mr. Edgar Jones drew the first place and gave notice of a motion drawing attention to the need for the redistribution of seats.

TEN GERMAN ENGINES.

Order Placed Abroad Because British Firms Were Too Busy to Take Contract.

It is not a question of the German firm being able to build engines better, but it is simply and solely a question of our being able to get them quicker.

This was the explanation given yesterday by Mr. G. B. Hayne, assistant general manager of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway, of his company's decision to import from Germany ten powerful locomotives for the Continental and boat express trains.

The order, placed with the firm of Messrs. A. Borsig, locomotive builders, of Tegel, near Berlin, has aroused great interest, as this is the first time that any large foreign-built locomotives have been imported into this country.

The decision of the directors," Mr. Hayne said, "is not a question of price, but entirely a question of delivery. The British locomotive and rolling stock firms are so full up at present that they could not undertake to let us have the engines for many months. The German company have undertaken to build and supply the engines at the time we want them."

"British firms say, 'Oh, we will let you have the locomotives in twelve months' time; but we want the engines for our heavy summer traffic,'" added Mr. Hayne. "The German firm have undertaken to deliver the ten engines to us by the end of May. No British firm would undertake to deliver them in anything like that time. Engine-building firms in this country are so full up with work that they cannot take any more—that is what it comes to."

POOR PEOPLE'S DIVORCE.

Legal Aid To Be Assigned in Law Courts to Persons of Little Means.

There is good news for husbands and wives too poor to commence divorce proceedings in the ordinary way.

A few weeks hence an official will be appointed to each division of the High Court—the King's Bench, the Chancery and the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty—whose duty it will be to assign counsel and solicitors to poor persons whose property does not amount to £50 in value.

The new rules will also benefit workmen and other dependents who consider themselves entitled to make claims under the Employers' Liability Act and Workmen's Compensation Act. An enormous increase of work at the Courts may therefore be anticipated when, probably during the month of April, the new rules come into operation.

A Poor Persons' Legal Department is to be opened at the Royal Courts of Justice in the early future.

DEER'S RUSH TO ARMS.

WALTHAM ABDEY, Feb. 18.—Pursued by the Enfield Chase Staghounds to-day, a deer, after skirting the Royal Gunpowder Factory at Waltham Abbey, crossed the River Lea and ran into the small arms factory at Enfield Lock.

It passed through the factory, followed by the hounds, and was finally captured in a pond at Chingford, and not until it had pulled the huntsman into the water.

ELECTION DAY TRAGEDY.

Liberal Worker Falls Dead at Slough—Bethnal Green Polling To-day.

A tragic incident marked the polling yesterday in South Buckinghamshire to choose a successor to Lord Fairmore, better known as Sir Alfred Griggs. Late in the afternoon one of the Liberal workers died suddenly in Mr. Tomman Mosley's committee-rooms at Slough. He appeared quite well a few minutes before and apparently had a fit.

The result of the polling will be declared to-day. The candidates are:—

Mr. Baring du Pre (Unionist) and Mr. Tomman Mosley (Liberal). Unionist majority 1910-4,566.

After a very spirited and exciting campaign, South-West Bethnal Green polls to-day.

The candidates are:—

Major Sir M. Wilson (Unionist), Mr. C. F. G. Masterman (Liberal), Mr. John Burt (Socialist), and Mr. W. Ye (Liberal). Liberal majority last election—184.

As the electorate includes large numbers of costers, lively scenes are expected to-day at the polling booths when the voters drive up in their donkey barrows.

Poplar, which is also in the throes of a by-election, polls to-morrow. The candidates are:—

Mr. Robertson Kerr Clark (Unionist), Mr. A. W. Yeo (Liberal), Mr. J. Jones (Labour and Socialist), and Mr. J. Jones (Labour and Socialist). Liberal majority last election—1,829.

On Page 11—New Fabrics in Silk and Wool! London's Greatest Attraction: Private Nurse's Campaign Life.

NEW FLORAL DISCOVERY THAT SAVES HALF THE COST OF CUT FLOWERS.

No More Prematurely Drooping, Dying, and Decaying Flowers.

Compare this with other illustration. "Fleurettes" make all the difference.



3 Days
After,
without
'Fleurettes.'

Read How
'Fleurettes'
Make all
Flowers in
Vases Live
Twice as Long,
with More
Fragrance.



6 Days
After,
with
'Fleurettes.'

A NATIONAL extravagance has suddenly ceased to be an extravagance. Science has discovered "Fleurettes," which save half the cost of cut flowers. No people in the world love flowers like the English. The adornment of her home with flowers is the hall-mark of every lady. No matter how slender her purse, she willingly forgoes other little luxuries.

"It is my only extravagance," she often says to herself as she arranges the fair and fragrant flowers in the holders.

What though in those holders they die untimely deaths; their presence has (for all too brief a time) beautified the home.

But now "Fleurettes" (150 in a box for 2s. 6d.) will lengthen the lives of cut flowers—and do so by endowing the water of their vases or bowls with the radium-like elements of their life, health, beauty and fragrance.

"FLEURETTES"

Make Cut Flowers Last Longer than
Uncut Blossoms.

"FLEURETTES" actually preserve many cut flowers longer than they would last on their uncut parent stems.

Each half-crown's worth of cut flowers may now be preserved more than twice as long as before at the trifling cost of one-fifth of 1d. per vase (150 in box for 2s. 6d.).

See this Little Sum in Money-Saving
Arithmetic.

52 weeks' cut flowers at, say,	
2s. 6d.	£6 10 0
"Fleurettes" cut this cost in half	3 5 0
Money saved.....	3 5 0
To save this amount about 5s. worth of "Fleurettes" would be used	5 0
Money saved (net)	£3 0 0
Saving of 1s. 11d. per week.	

Ask your Florist, Seedsman, Chemist, Ironmonger or Stores to order for you to-day a 2s. 6d. box of 150 "Fleurettes," and make this fascinating, interesting and valuable money-saving experiment with "Fleurettes" immediately. Drop one in a vase of cut flowers. If you delay you lose money. If you act promptly you save money from to-day.

Extraordinary Effect on Foliage and Flowers.

THE same extraordinary vivifying qualities that make "Fleurettes" charge the water supply of cut flowers with the Radium-like elements of longer life, also re-vitalize the pot-bound earth of those plants condemned to live their lives in pottery prisons.

Then, do not throw away the "Fleurettes," charged water from the vases. Use it for your Ferns, Greenhouse and Window Plants. It will have the same most marvellous and immediate effect upon these plants, too, doubling the rate of growth of Pot-Plants, and inducing an amazing profusion of perfect blooms of brilliant colouring. In the House it will make your Ferns a mass of fronds of all tones, ranging from the tenderest green to the richest dark olive.

Save Money with "Fleurettes."

YOUR Home, Conservatory or Greenhouse can be bowered of bloom if you use "Fleurettes." These wonder-working "Fleurettes" will enable you to keep every vase and bowl in your home filled with fresh flowers.

All you have to do is to drop in a
"Fleurette" when changing the water.

"Fleurettes" are beautiful, clean, white tablets, which dissolve in water and give to flowers wonderful life-prolonging properties. "Fleurettes" double the life of Cut Flowers.

Start saving half the cost of your cut flowers to-day. "Fleurettes" will save your pocket. The cost is small. One-fifth of a penny per vase (150 in a box for 2s. 6d.).

LOOK OUT FOR THE PUBLIC NOTICE:

"FLEURETTES" SOLD HERE.

IF any difficulty in ordering "Fleurettes" write direct (enclosing P.O. or Cheque for 2s. 6d.) to Plantille and Co. Ltd., 5, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C., or ask your Florist, Chemist, Ironmonger or Stores to order them for you.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.—Prompt supplies of "Fleurettes" and Window Bills (see above) obtainable through leading Wholesalers only—or cash orders may be sent to Plantille and Co. Ltd., 5, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.

It IS so Comfy

That is one well-appreciated feature of the "Liberty Bodice" (Knitted Fabric) for children. It is, in addition, an extremely healthy garment, both for the free expansion it allows for movement in exercises, Swedish drill or games, and its hygienic device for suspending all weight of underclothing from the shoulders. Now made in WHITE as well as NATURAL.

'Liberty Bodice'
TRADE MARK

KNITTED FABRIC

For Boys & Girls: 1 to 3 years, 1/3d.; 4 to 8 years, 1/6d.; 9 to 13 years, 1/9d. For Ladies (short-fitting), 1/11d. (deep-fitting), 3/11d. Also in out-sizes. If unobtainable in your district, send P.O. to—

'LIBERTY BODICE' FACTORY (DEPT. 66), MARKET HARBOUR

"Liberty Bodice" BOOK FREE.



£600 COMPETITION

How many words can you make out of the 18
letters in

Regesan Toilet Cream?

There are **1,205 CASH PRIZES** awaiting Competitors who make the most words
(of four letters or more). Here is the Prize List:—

1st Prize	£100	5th Prize	£10
2nd	" - £50	100 Prizes of	£1
3rd	" - £25	100	" 10/-
4th	" - £15	1000	" 5/-

No Entrance Fee. All you have to do is to attach a receipt from Boots *The Chemists* for one of the Regesan Toilet Preparations listed below to your entry. You stand a splendid chance of winning a prize because of the extra large number of Cash Prizes offered by Regesan, Limited.

An important point about the Competition is that you can rely upon it being run on scrupulously fair lines. Boots *The Chemists* have implicit faith in Regesan Preparations, and guarantee them to be the best of their kind in existence. The largest retail chemists in the world would not give such a guarantee unless they were certain that they were justified in doing so, and as it has been arranged that Boots Cash Chemists (Southern) Limited and the affiliated Companies of Boots *The Chemists* shall pay over the prizes, they are enabled to guarantee the perfect fairness and *bona-fides* of the contest.

CLOSING DATE OF COMPETITION, MARCH 9th.

Full particulars of the Competition will be found in a circular obtainable free at any of the branches of Boots *The Chemists*.

Regesan Shaving Stick

Not like ordinary shaving soaps. It is practically a *Solidified Shaving Cream*. Leaves the skin beautifully smooth after shaving.

In nickel case 9½d.

Sold only at Boots *The Chemists*.

Regesan Toilet Cream

This is a cream that you can actually feel doing the skin good. When the skin is out of condition a slight tingling occurs after use which indicates that the cream is stimulating and toning up the skin. After a few applications the tingling does not occur, which means that the skin has become perfectly healthy.

10½d. and 1/6 per jar.

Sold only at Boots *The Chemists*.

Regesan Toilet Soap

Half the base of this delightful soap is pure Olive Oil—pure edible olive oil, not hot-pressed olive oil, obtained by solvents from the residues, which is a vastly inferior article. Pure Olive Oil, Benzoin and other soothing and healing balsams make Regesan Soap. Regesan Soap makes perfectly healthy skins and beautiful complexions.

Box of three tablets 1/3.

Sold only at Boots *The Chemists*.

Regesan Tooth Paste

The most perfect tooth-paste in existence. Does not merely clean the teeth but protects them from decay.

9d. per tube.

Sold only at Boots *The Chemists*.

Regesan Shampoo Powders

Suitable for all kinds of hair. Delightfully fragrant and wonderfully cleansing. Makes the hair soft, bright and fluffy.

Box of seven 9d.

Sold only at Boots *The Chemists*.

Regesan Hair Tonic

Conveys life to the hair roots and prevents baldness. Enriches the colour of the hair and prevents splitting and tendency to greyness.

1/11 and 3/9 per bottle.

Sold only at Boots *The Chemists*.

Regesan Brillantine

Not sticky, delicately perfumed.

9d. and 1/4 per bottle.

Sold only at Boots *The Chemists*.

Any of the above articles will be sent post free on receipt of remittance. Address:—

Regesan Ltd. (TOILET DEPT.) Trent Street, Nottingham.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of *The Daily Mirror* are:

25-26, BOUVERIE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
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 TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," Fleet, London.
 PARIS OFFICE: 26, Rue du Sentier.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1914.

WIND IN LONDON.

THE night before last, rather suddenly, a high wind began to blow over London; coming, as it seemed, out of the country beyond Putney and Wimbledon. As it made towards the East, thousands of jerry-built houses trembled and creaked, and leaned harder than ever against one another for support. Tiles were blown off, doors slammed, window-panes creaked dismally. At street corners, people staggered and held their hats on. It was the proverbial bull in this ugliest of imaginable china shops. It was the madman's visit amongst a company of persons sane to the point of dullness.

In the country, the wind is sometimes acceptable, if only as an audible contrast to the peace indoors by the fire. Poets have saluted this rural madman with delight—have wished to travel his wild way with him—

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is . . .

—And even those who are not poets can, only by being men and sharing in man's primeval instincts, imagine that they see the living wind as it rushes over the hills—

Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
 Of some fierce Maenad . . .

—a sensation all the more intense if you need not hold a hat on, but may stand boldly untidy, and alone, with the trees bending about you.

The country has its advantages. "Dirty" weather is perfectly clean there. Rain in spring brings out indescribable scents from the earth. And a great wind seems to be an immortal person, sweeping the old world clean again.

But in London, as you lie awake, listening to the wind, the madman seems oddly out of place.

His function here is merely to remove hats and to disarrange hair. You hoped to arrive tidy at the dinner, but he caught you annoyingly, and tore at you, as you were playing the cab, and watching the cabby go through his invariable plunging gymnastics in the search for change. Your beautiful hair was twisted by the madman into wisps and strings sticking out comically all round. As you enter the room (where the fire has just been smoking) your first remark is the same as that of nearly all the other people present: "What a nuisance this wind is, to be sure."

In other words, for once in London, the city people have been forced to notice Nature; to feel the elemental in the artificial; to be aware, uneasily, of the roar of forces "beyond the flaming ramparts of the world." This, as we said, is well enough on the borders of a moor, in sight of the sea, on the hills, in the woods—"anywhere out of the world." But the world—in the narrower sense—has a civilised objection to madmen, and if they could, we may be sure that the prosperous classes would shut the wind out of London. W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

As soon as a man becomes satisfied with himself and with what he has done he has ceased to improve and has begun to degenerate.—George Eliot.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Payable in advance and including postage: Any part of the United Kingdom at 1d. per day; four weeks, 2s.; three months, 6s. 6d.; six months, 12s.; one year, 24s. Subscribers abroad at 9d. per day; three months, 9s. 9d.; six months, 19s. 6d.; twelve months, 38s. Weekly parcels (freight at 7d. per week): three months, 7s. 1d.; six months, 14s. 1d.; twelve months, 28s. 2d. Weekly parcels (Canada and Newfoundland and three months, 4s. 4d.; six months, 8s. 8d.; twelve months, 17s. 4d. Overseas Weekly Edition, attractively bound in illustrated cover—To Canada, three months, 11s. 1d. or 2s. at 2s.; six months, 19s. 6d. or 2s. at 2s.; one year, 38s. 2d. Remittance should be crossed Counts and Cheques payable to the Manager, *The Daily Mirror*.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"THE DAILY MIRROR" EDUCATION.

THE *Daily Mirror* plays quite a part in the educational system of the Open-Air School in the Botanic Gardens of which you published some photographs last autumn.

Every morning at 10.30 the children have a "news of the day" class, and *Daily Mirror* pictures are brought every day, and each explained to the class by the child who has brought it. We think this improves the child's power of expression and educates towards "public speaking."

Children who are at first too shy to speak soon learn to bring pictures and tell the whole class about them.

I much desire to get a similar school started in Kensington Gardens. There are many children there to whom it would be a boon. For we consider that this open-air life prevents disease. For one thing it makes the child stronger to resist

NOT FOR THE PUBLIC.

REFERRING to your recent article upon "furnished cottages" in Bishop's Stortford let at 6d. and 8d. each, we have received several inquiries for the same, the applicants informing us that they have been advised by you to communicate with the estate agent at Bishop's Stortford.

The cottages have been built from time to time by Sir Walter Gilbey and others for the aged poor of this town who have been residents upwards of twenty years and not for the public in general.

G. E. SWORDER & SONS,
 Bishop's Stortford, Herts.

"DAMAGED GOODS."

IN Tuesday's issue of *The Daily Mirror* you decry the play "Damaged Goods," by Brieux, as being undramatic and a subject fit only for the

BRAINS IN BUSINESS.

Do Englishmen or Americans Show the Greater Ability as Managers?

LORD Claud Hamilton, the modern Columbus, who has rediscovered America in the substantial person of Mr. H. W. Thornton, must be a trifle astonished at one result of his action.

Standing alone in his glory, he looked for greatness in England and found it not. Now greatness is thrust upon him in every conceivable shape and form. It would seem that England abounds with it. Great persons, young and old, are jostling one another in indignant refutation of their absence. The blank spaces are filled with names, all honourable men and capable, immensely capable, of managing any sort of railways—even the Great Eastern sort. Strange and sudden birth of greatness, brought about by the mere hint that it was not there!

We must all be thankful that it is there—so strong and vigorous, and loud-tongued!

Some of us are very, very sorry that the first Columbus, who was surely a bit of a busybody, ever did discover America at all. In America everything is great, and the railway accidents are the greatest of all. During the past year our own companies have been trying to imitate America as well as they can in that respect. Is Mr. Thornton coming to teach them to do better still?

It remains for Lord Claud Hamilton to be the first passenger in the first Thornton train. He shall have England's prayers.
 C. E. Dibden, Purlicu, Hants.

TO anyone who has travelled at all, the question of the inability of Englishmen to act as general managers of the railway is truly ludicrous. Why should Lord Claud Hamilton cast such a slur on our countrymen? When such up-to-date, go-ahead countries as Argentina and others near there employ only Englishmen as general managers and heads of all departments, and there they have all nationalities at hand to choose from. L. A. L. Eastbourne.

I AM more than surprised at the spirit in which our Englishmen to-day are accepting the new American general manager.

Let us give the man a chance before we buffet him; we have yet to see what he can do. Doubtless he will rouse some of our own clever people, who seem to have been asleep lately.

Hitherto our business world has not been slow in accepting advantageously many American inventions. We do not object to them spending their dollars in England, neither does the average man despise the American heiress. Does not our present attitude appear somewhat paltry?

AN ENGLISH GIRD.

WHY did Lord Claud Hamilton not apply to the appointments boards of some of our British universities?

If the Britisher is always going to be ousted out of good positions, what is the use of his spending money, undergoing courses of technical instruction at colleges or universities? Can we wonder at the British workman being disheartened when such a state of affairs exists? Our motto should be "Give the Englishman a fair chance, at least in his own country; see what he can do. Should he not satisfy, well then is the time to seek elsewhere." A. HARVEY.

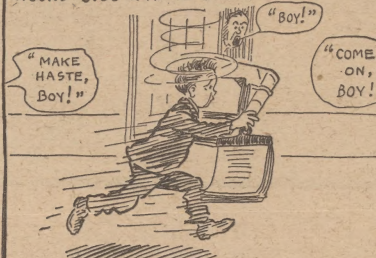
IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 13.—If a warm, sheltered bed is planted during the autumn with flowers that appear at this season one may gather quite a charming bunch in early February. To-day such a bed that has been carefully protected from rain and rough winds forms a delightful picture.

Here snowdrops (single and double), the exquisite early-flowering crocuses, Siberian scillas, primroses, cyclamens, winter aconites, winter hellebores, scarlet fulgens anemones, snowflakes and the pretty minims narcissus are all in full bloom. Perhaps the prettiest flower of all is the tiny narcissus—but two inches tall. E. F. T.

THE LONGER THE HOURS, THE SMALLER THE PAY.

SALARY FIVE SHILLINGS A WEEK—OFFICE
 HOURS 8.30 A.M. TO 9 P.M.



SALARY A POUND A WEEK—OFFICE
 HOURS 9 A.M. TO 8 P.M.



SALARY TWO POUNDS A WEEK—OFFICE
 HOURS 9.30 A.M. TO 7 P.M.



SALARY FIVE POUNDS A WEEK—OFFICE
 HOURS 9.30 A.M. TO 6 P.M.



SALARY TWENTY POUNDS A WEEK—OFFICE
 HOURS 10 A.M. TO 4 P.M.



INCOME ANYTHING OVER TWO THOUSAND
 A YEAR—OFFICE HOURS NOON TO 1 P.M.



It is one of life's little anomalies that, as a rule, the less work you do, the more you get paid for doing it. It is one out of several other causes to account for a certain incompetence said sometimes to be observable in high places.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden. Reprinted.)

disease; for one thing, the risk of infectious illness is much less in the open air than in a room. The doctors in the neighbourhood of Kensington Gardens think such a school would go to make "super-children."
 A. B. CUNNING, M.B.
 3, Upper Wimpole-street, W.

THE GIRL WHO SMOKES.

I VENTURE entirely to disagree with "A. C. C." I think that nothing more enhances the charm of a pretty girl than to see her enjoying a cigarette. I myself enjoy my cigarette much more when a girl friend smokes one with me.

ONE WHO ADMIRES THE GIRL SMOKER.

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

Poling at Bethnal Green to-day. South Bucks yesterday—result to be known by dinner-time. What it does do. Do you like travel? Mr. Kipling on the subject. Few, however, have wandered so far as he, and most people will be content to compare Biederstein impression of Paris, Rome and Florence.

What you think of the coloured hair man and whether you've seen any of it in relatively quiet society.

consulting room. The author has never claimed general or dramatic interest for his play, but it has a purpose, and if, perhaps, we only hear more of this subject outside the consulting room it might lessen the need to enter that room.

Everyone who knows "Damaged Goods" knows the subject is not a pleasant one; yet not mentioning it does not make it any less unpleasant, but infinitely more dangerous. HILDA BRIGHTON.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Happy times we live to see.
 Whose master is Simplicity:
 This is the age where blessings flow.
 In joy we reap, in peace we sow;
 We do good deeds without delay.
 We promise and we keep our day;
 We love for virtue, not for wealth;
 We drink no healths but all for health;
 We sing, we dance, we pipe, we play;
 Our work's continual holiday;
 We live in poor contented sort.
 Yet neither beg nor come at Court.
 —THOMAS MIDDLETON (1620).

STICKY, BUT HAPPY: WHY THERE IS NO N



Not the measles. She has only found the jam.

Parents who buy their children elaborate and expensive toys rarely or ever get their reward in the gratitude of their offspring. Such gifts are generally wasted upon them, and



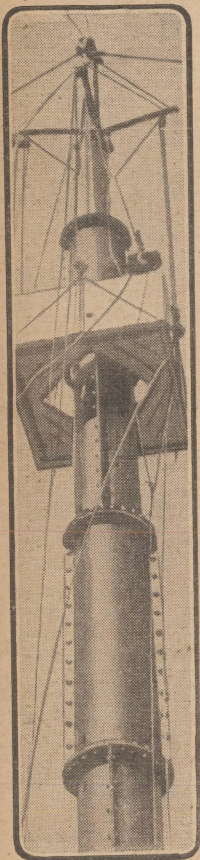
"What did you say? That I want a bath?"

this little girl, for instance, found unalloyed happiness in a pot of jam and some mud, and the process of making herself thoroughly sticky and dirty afforded her immense joy.



Expensive toy

"UP THE POLE."



How "wireless" masts are installed. The man cage rises with the work, bolting half sections of pressed steel together as it climbs. It is one of the world's tallest masts, and is being erected on the island of Oahu.

HARRY TATE AT A CHARITY FOOTBALL MATCH WHERE BLAKE AND WELLS ARE



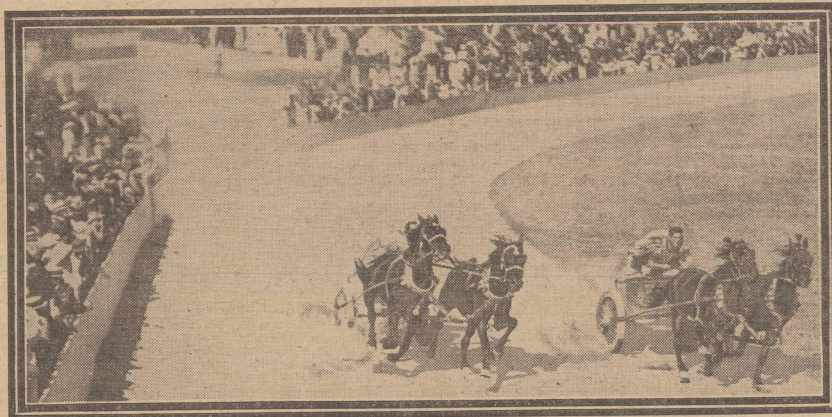
Parker, P.C. (Mr. Charles Austin) comes to Mr. Tate's rescue.



Sparring exhibition by Blake (white sweater).

There was plenty to amuse the spectators besides football at the charity match between jockeys and music-hall artists at Stamford Bridge yesterday. Mr. Harry Tate, the famous "motorist" and "airman," was there in his magnificent and luxurious 90-h.p. "Dudner," which, however, declined to move.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

THE SPORT OF ANCIENT ROME IN AUSTRALIA.



Chariot racing at the Highland Society's gathering at Sydney. The sport which drew all 'ancient Rome' to the Coliseum is seldom seen nowadays, and the event aroused great interest and attracted a crowd of 40,000 to Moire Park. The drivers are wearing the dress of the period.—(*Sydney Sun*.)



Bombardier Wells' and Bandsman after making each other's acquaintance of the respective sizes of the tub that Blake has a heavy over-

D TO BUY EXPENSIVE TOYS FOR CHILDREN.



not appreciated.

She is Helene ("Snookums") Rosson, aged seven and a half months, and her doings have been recorded in a special picture play. She is said to be the youngest cinema actress in



"Rolling in this mud is simply 'topping' sport."



Eating paper. Babies can digest anything.

the world, and there is no doubt that she enjoyed herself thoroughly in being allowed to get into mischief.—(Transatlantic Film Company.)

PRODUCED.



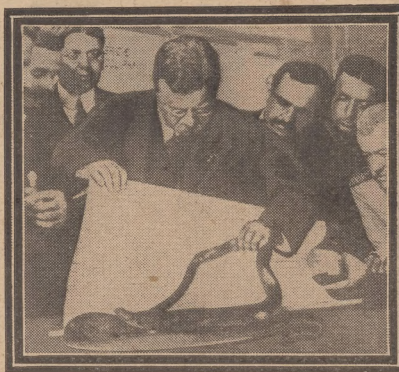
meet on March 3, having a chat match. The picture gives a good of it must be taken into consideration well wrapped up.—(Daily Mirror

ALBANIA'S RULER IN LONDON.



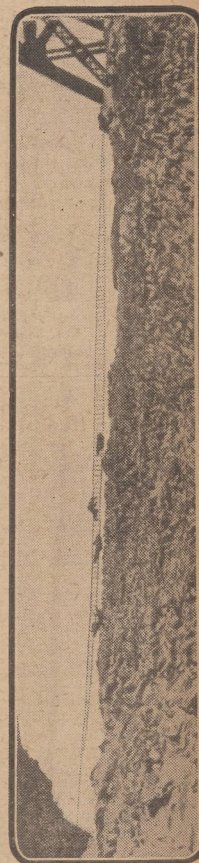
Prince William of Wied, the chosen ruler of Albania, leaving his hotel yesterday for Buckingham Palace, where he lunched with the King and Queen. He paid a flying visit to London before going to Durazzo, his capital.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

THE BATTLE OF THE SNAKES.



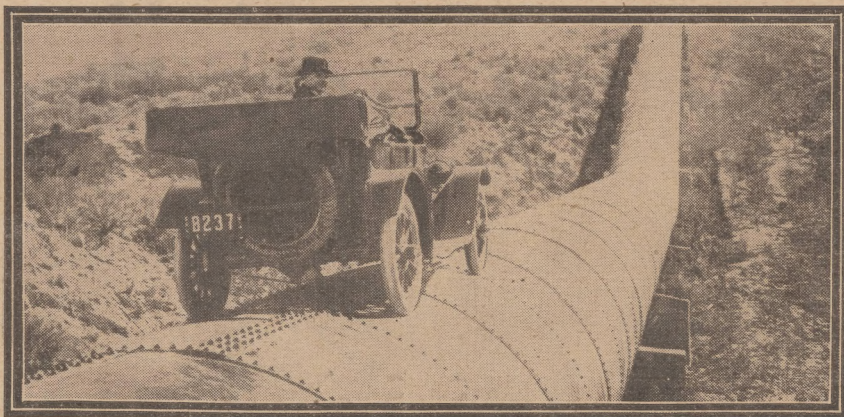
Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the former President of the United States, keenly interested in a fight between a cobra and a jararaca (a poisonous serpent found in South America) at Sao Paulo, Brazil. He is seen in the foreground bending forward.

OFF TO WORK.



There are no tubes or trams for the men who are building a railway bridge in Oregon (U.S.A.). To get to their work they have to climb up this ladder, which hangs from a precipitous rock, 320ft. above the water.

DROVE ALONG A PIPE AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE.



Bert Dingley, who created a sensation by driving a car along a section of the Los Angeles "Syphon" at the risk of his life. He fully realised the danger he ran, and would not permit a passenger to accompany him. He was formerly well known as a racing motorist in California.



GOOD HEALTH TALKS

The Essentials of your Food

WHY DO WE EAT? To supply material necessary for producing bone, muscle, blood, and to create that energy which is our very life.

What should we eat? Careful thought in selecting our diet means more to our general health and fitness than almost anything. Our food should be chosen so as to minin se the strain upon the digestive organs. Our food should be non-irritant, easily assimilated and extremely nourishing.

For these very same reasons you should eat Turog regularly. In Turog you get the very material your body needs, the full food force of wheat—Nature's ordained foodstuff. Turog bread is made from finely-ground selected wheats prepared by our exclusive process, and it is because of this that it is more digestible, more nourishing, and more palatable than any other bread known. Remember, too, it is absolutely pure.

A trial will prove these things.

ASK YOUR BAKER TO-DAY FOR

Turog

Guaranteed absolutely pure by
THE TUROG BROWN FLOUR CO. LTD.
CARDIFF.

THE DISCOVERIES OF THE CENTURY. RADIUM v. CANCER. EAUZATE v. RHEUMATISM.

It is nothing less than extraordinary the number of people who are suffering at the present moment from rheumatism, gout, sciatica, and all uric acid troubles, and what is worse, it seems that the epidemic is growing. The celebrated French rheumatic specialist, Dr. E. Hayem, of Paris, who was recently in England, was asked if in his country there was a similar epidemic, and he replied that since science had discovered Eauzate his compatriots were more or less free from rheumatism and uric acid troubles, except in the most acute cases of long standing; and these, he maintained, would eventually be conquered by the same means. For the benefit of those who are not aware of this simple cure one has only to make up the following prescription at home at little cost. Pour 5 tablespoonfuls of vinegar on to the yolk of a fresh egg and add 75 grammes of ordinary Eauzate, which you can obtain at your chemist. Mix these ingredients well together, pour a little of this mixture into the palm of your hand, and rub same lightly on to the place where the pain is felt. Repeat this treatment once or twice a day for a few days, and you will find that the pain will entirely disappear, thus constituting a permanent cure.—E. H., M.D.

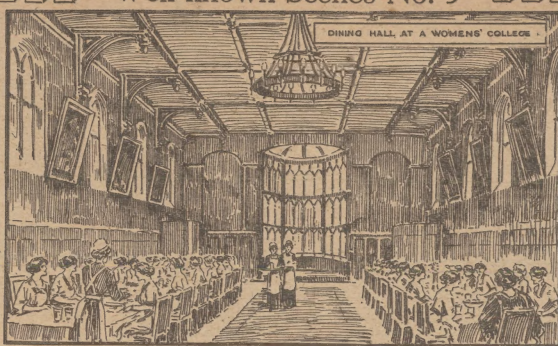
If you have grey or discoloured hair which you wish to restore to the natural colour try the French colourless preparation, Juvéniteu, the famous Continental hair restorer.—(Adv't.)

For flavour, Flavour, FLAVOUR

Rowntree's

ELECT COCOA

Well known Scenes No. 5



Beef Tea at its best

helps the brain in its work. Girl students particularly, enjoy the stimulating beef tea made by dropping one Vigoral Cube into a cupful of boiling water.

Vigoral Cubes

Ask your Chemist or Grocer for a tin of Vigoral Cubes, or buy them singly to try.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
LIMITED LONDON

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADDELPHI, Strand. TO-NIGHT, at 8.15.
Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS presents a Musical Production in 2 Acts, **THE GIRL FROM UTAH**. Matinees Every Saturday, 2. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tels., 2645, 8888 Ger.

ALDWYCH.—THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION.

Evenings, at 8. Matinees, Wednesdays, 2.30.

AMBASSADOR'S. TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.15.

TOLSTOY'S GREAT RUSSIAN DRAMA, ANNA KARENINA.

Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (Regent 2890, 4938.)

APOLLO. At 8.50, CHARLES HAWTREY

in NEVER SAY DIE, by W. H. Post. At 8.10, "The

Wife Tamer." Mat. (both plays), Weds and Sat., 2.15.

COMEDY. TO-NIGHT, at 8.30.

Mr. Arthur Chudleigh presents

THE TYRANNY OF TEARS, by C. Haddon Chambers.

MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

DALY'S THEATRE. TO-NIGHT, at 8.

Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production,

THE MARRIAGE MARKET, a Musical Play, in 3 Acts.

MATINEE, WEDNESDAYS, at 2.

DRURY LANE. TO-NIGHT, at 7.30.

Matinees, Weds and Sat., 1.30. **THE SLEEPING**

BEAUTY REAWAKENS. GEORGE GRAVES and

FLORENCE SMITHSON. Box-office, Tels., 2588 Ger.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Last 5 Performances.

QUALITY STREET, by J. M. HARRIS. Last 2 MATINEES TO-DAY and SAT. NEXT, at 2.30.

GAIETY. TO-NIGHT, at 8. Mr. GEORGE

EDWARDS presents New Production, **AFTER THE GIRL**

MATINEE Every Saturday, at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10.

GARRICK. To-night, at 8.30. Louis Meyer

presents **WHO'S THE LADY**, a new three-act farce

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THE DARLING OF THE GODS.

MATINEE, Weds and Sat., at 2.15. Tels. Ger. 177.

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by Arnold Bennett. 8.20. Mats., Weds., Sat., 2.30.

LITTLE THEATRE, John-st., Strand. At 9.

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Durrant Swan will present a new Musical Production,

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PLAYHOUSE. TO-NIGHT, at 9.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST presents a New Comedy,

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Costly Courtneidge, Lauri de Frees Harry Weichman, Jack

Hubert. MATINEE, WEDS. and SATS., at 2.

STRAND. To-night, at 9, Louis Meyer presents

MR. WU, a New Anglo-Chinese Play.

MATHEWSON LANG. LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

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NEW SERIAL

What Every Woman Forgets.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHAPTER XV. (continued).

"Oh, sir!" the woman gasped, and pressed a hand over her heart. A murder had already cast a blight over the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Slew always maintained that James had a tender heart really.

"You let rooms, Mrs. Grace," he said. "Yes, sir, and the top floor complete—but don't tell me, sir, we've had shape and trouble enough in the neighbourhood as it is, sir, as you must know."

Mr. Slew looked sorry for her, but went on. "The top floor complete?"

"Yes, sir. Had it shut off into a kind of flat, with a private door put at the top of the stairs."

Mr. Slew did not waste time with questions about the other rooms and their tenants.

"Yes, sir; but the gentleman's away at present."

"Ah! When do you expect him back?"

"I could tell you, sir. It might be weeks, or he might be back to-morrow. He travels, sir, for a firm that has interests here in England and on the Continent."

"Travels in what?" asked Mr. Slew.

"Lace, sir—Swiss and French lace, sir."

Mrs. Grace touched the fichu she wore.

"This was a present, sir, from Mr. Bone."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Slew.

"You see, sir, when he goes away he locks up the top floor. He has a key to the front door as well. But don't tell me, sir, that Mr. Bone has been up to some wrong? I don't want to be dragged into anything, sir."

But Mr. Slew could promise nothing.

"When was Mr. Bone last here?" he asked.

"It would be ten days ago. He was only here for a night."

"Please describe him, Mrs. Grace!"

Mrs. Grace nervously arranged the fichu given her by Mr. Bone.

"He was always very well spoken and pleasant to me, and no trouble, sir, when he was here. He is travelling so much that it isn't worth his while to keep a servant. If he wanted a meal my maid could cook and take it up to his flat. But he more often took them out."

This was light on Mr. Bone's habits, but hardly the description for which Slew had asked. He did not expect their descriptions to correspond, but he had many reasons for believing that Mr. Bone, who travelled in French and Swiss lace, was one and the same as the murdered John Smith of Garth Mansions, who had travelled much as a representative of a Paris film agency. One of his reasons was

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based on the strip of paper, found in a vanity bag in Mrs. Morland's Vineux residence, the Châtelignon, wherein was written the address in Camden Town, in violet ink—similar-coloured ink having been found in a fountain pen discovered in one of John Smith's coats.

But his appearance—his personal appearance, Mrs. Grace?

"He is a nice-looking gentleman, sir, and would look better if he didn't wear a flesh-coloured shade over his left eye. Mr. Bone has had an operation for cataract that didn't go off as it should have done, and the eye hasn't been right since."

"Ingenious!" thought Slew.

John Smith had a distinct, noticeable cast in his left eye. The unfortunate Reggie Lombard had noticed it when the former had interviewed him and shown him copies of letters to Buona Ayres, some absurdly signed "Bimbo." Had John Smith got himself into trouble with the police and been wanted, this cast would have been a distinct feature in the official description. Coloured glasses invariably aroused suspicion. A flesh-coloured eyeshade and a story about a cataract were quite plausible, particularly if a second identity had been created beforehand.

Slew drew out a thin pocket-case—he disliked anything that bulged pockets—and took from it a photograph that he handed to Mrs. Grace.

"Do you recognise that?"

"No, sir, oh, sir!"

Slew begged her to be calm.

"But, sir, this is the photograph that was in all the papers—the photograph of that John Smith that was murdered in Hunter-street. You're not going to tell me next that Mr. Bone is wanted for that."

"No, no. But is there any resemblance at all between Mr. Bone and his photograph?"

Mrs. Grace looked bewildered at the question.

"Study it carefully," advised Slew. "You might tell me in what particulars Mr. Bone differs from this photograph."

"Sir," pleaded Mrs. Grace, "Mr. Bone has always paid his rent regularly; he's been no trouble, and very nice to me, and I don't want to do him any harm."

"I don't think it's in your power to harm Mr. Bone," said Slew quietly. The significance of his remark was lost. He had not wished to emphasize it.

"Well, sir," went on Mrs. Grace, with a sigh of relief, "in that case—well, sir, Mr. Bone didn't wax his moustache into spikes, and he wasn't bulldozed with his hair coming into a peak like that. He'd a head of hair in front."

A toupé had been discovered in Blue Beard's chamber.

Slew produced another photograph that had

been tucked up. John Smith was in this one decorated with a toupé, which made a very considerable difference.

Slew did not show it at once to Mrs. Grace. He took out a pencil and pencilled an eyeshade over John Smith's left eye. Mr. Slew was not a draughtsman, but no great skill was required. No eyeshade had been found in the flat in Garth Mansions.

Now look at this photograph, Mrs. Grace, if you please."

"Oh, my word, sir—"

Mrs. Grace broke off. She was gazing at Mr. Slew. This was rather like legerdemain worthy of Maskelyne and Devant.

"Except for the spikes to the moustache, it's Mr. Bone!"

"Thank you," said Mr. Slew.

"And I—"

stammered Mrs. Grace weakly, not quite knowing what she was saying. "I have enjoyed jokes against the police with anybody!"

"Ah!" smiled Mr. Slew. "So have I—at pantomime time."

But his relocation was only momentary. He had established what he had expected to establish. Bone had been Smith.

"But where do I stand now, sir?" asked Mrs. Grace.

Slew reassured her. He asked her to treat everything that had passed and should pass between them as sacredly confidential for the present. He could be very impressive. There was a touch of command in his deep-voiced voice. He asked her not to mention the real nature of his visit even to her dearest and closest friend. His visit could be easily explained to the servant. He had called about rooms.

"I wish you had, sir," said Mrs. Grace almost tearfully.

"And now," went on Slew, "I wish to see over Mr. Bone's flat."

"That you can't do, sir, unless you force the door. It's locked and Mr. Bone's got the key. He was particular about that, sir. He had a special patent lock fitted at his own expense. But, sir, you're not going to tell me next that Mr. Bone is—was—Smith?"

"I've every reason to believe so, Mrs. Grace."

Mrs. Grace plucked at her fichu and shook her head in a shocked, bewildered way that caused her thin curls, turning grey, to vibrate like spiral springs.

"Well, sir, well—you'll have to force the door!"

"I may have a key that fits," said Mr. Slew. "The maid is in the basement, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, and if you wish it, sir, I'll see that she's kept busy."

"Thank you very much!"

When Mrs. Grace returned—Slew seemed to exercise an almost hypnotic influence over her—she led the way upstairs. The top of the second flight was barred abruptly by a door set in a stout wooden partition.

Mrs. Grace prepared more or less for anything now. Slew produced a key and slipped it into the latch. It fitted. Again it savoured to Mrs. Grace of Maskelyne and Devant's.

"Thank you, Mrs. Grace," said Slew. "I can manage for myself. You may be busy. I'll join you later in your sitting-room."

He passed in, and latched the door behind him. He found himself on a passage landing. The top floor had been converted into a flat.

When he entered the nearest room, he stood still for a moment, taking a comprehensive picture of his surroundings before he set about his investigations. His method made for speed. There was no hustling. Had he been armed with a notebook and pencil, he might have been an expert valuer making an inventory. He touched pieces of cheap furniture and pulled open drawers. As a matter of fact, he was far more thorough than a valuer. He looked behind the backs of the few pictures. The keen brightness of his one eye was the only indication of concentrated faculties.

When he had finished, the room had yielded nothing. There were only three rooms in all. Two furnished as sitting-rooms, the third as a bedroom. But the other two rooms were equally unproductive.

Slew, however, had observed on his entrance a square trapdoor in the ceiling over the passage landing. The ladder by which it was reached was fixed on hinges, and braced up close to the ceiling by a rope and pulley. Mr. Slew reserved the investigation of the space under the roof till last.

He found a candle and candlestick in the bedroom.

After lowering the ladder he lit the candle and ascended. Pushing back the trap-door was rather messy work, dust and cobwebs having accumulated. Once through, he found himself on rafters. Rushing water proclaimed a cistern. A tiny skylight did not serve the purpose for which it was intended.

It was rather cavernous and gloomy, and Mr. Slew with his candle, screening it from draughts with one hand and treading from one rafter to another, made a quietly dramatic figure. His head was slightly thrust forward, and his broad shoulders hunched a trifle. There was an air of expectancy about him.

The roof formed dark corners. Sometimes he had to stoop to avoid bumping his head.

The place had been used to store away a certain amount of old lumber. Slew came upon a tin bath in a state of rust, an old fender, and one or two packing-cases.

He examined the rubbish in the shape of paper and straw in the packing cases.

Next he gave his attention to a mouldy accumulation scarcely recognisable as being composed of odds and ends of linoleum, house-papers and portions of old carpets. The lot had been tucked away into a corner where the roof cut a sharp angle to the rafters.

Slew's position was very uncomfortable. But it was worth it.

Behind the rubbish he came upon a tin trunk, of the cheap, jannaped kind, much favoured by servants.

"Ah!" he ejaculated.

He believed he had found what he wanted; what he had expected to find.

(To be continued.)

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The smiling bride on her husband's arm.

Passing between the crowd.

The bridesmaids wore dresses of the Vandyke period and pretty lace caps.

A very pretty wedding took place at St. Mary's, Brington, Northamptonshire, yesterday, when Lady Adelaide Spencer, daughter of Earl Spencer, was married to the Hon. Sidney Peel, son of the late Viscount Peel, who was for many years Speaker of the

House of Commons. Both bride and bridegroom were members of the house-party at Chatsworth (the Duke of Devonshire's seat) during the visit of the King and Queen, and the engagement was announced shortly afterwards.

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